

THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER.

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No. 3.

THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER is edited by Rev. THOMAS BRAINERD, assisted by Rev. B. F. AYDELLOTTE, under the supervision of a Committee appointed by the Cincinnati Sunday School Union. The following gentlemen compose this Committee: viz. W. S. Ridgely, M. D., of the Presbyterian Church; Mr. Jeremiah Butler, of the Episcopal Church; Mr. William Bond, of the Baptist Church; and Mr. Joseph Hudson, of the Protestant Methodist Church.

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THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Here is the School-house again. I wish to talk a little more about the School. In my last paper I told you how we used to play at noon. Now I mean to let you know some mistakes which I made when I was a School-boy. I don't mean that I missed words in reading, and letters in spelling, and the lines in writing. True, I always made mistakes in some of these matters, and they were bad enough, but not so bad as some other mistakes of my School-days.

1. One very bad mistake which I made was this. When I could persuade my parents to let me stay at home, because it was muddy, or rainy, or cold, I did not think that I was losing a day of very precious time, and I am now sorry that I did not always go to school in spite of bad roads and bad weather.

2. When I played truant, by going some where else, when I was sent to school, I used to think I had cheated my parents and my teacher, but now I see I was a silly boy, and instead of cheating others, I was all the time cheating myself.

3. When I could make the teacher think I was studying, by looking at my book, while I was secretly playing with John Clark, I used to believe that I was quite cunning and smart, in being able thus to deceive my teacher. Now, I see that the teacher got his wages, whether I studied or not, and that my tricks injured no one so much as myself.

4. If I studied my lesson so that I could recite it so as to escape a reproof from my teacher, I used to think it was well enough,

even if I did not more than half understand it. Now I see that studying lessons in this manner does little good, and therefore I regret that I did not take more pains to learn every thing which could be learned about my lesson.

5. When my teacher kept me after school to make me get my lesson, I used to think he was cruel, and I wished I was old enough to give him a beating. Now I see that he was right, and I was wrong, and that he made me get my lessons because he loved me.

6. When another little boy was "called up," and "whipped," I used to be glad, and sometimes I have "told tales," to get my little school-fellows punished. Now I see that this was very malicious and wicked, and that I ought to have loved others as well as myself. In the next paper perhaps I shall have more to tell you about my School-boy days.

IALOGUE BETWEEN ROBERT AND HIS MOTHER ABOUT CONTRIVANCE.

MOTHER. What is *contrivance*, Robert?

ROBERT. It is to think beforehand, how to make any thing.

M. Can you tell me of something, which it required a good deal of contrivance to make?

R. Yes, mother, your silver pencil-case.

M. You are right, Robert. You see it has a little hole at one end, to keep the lead pencils in. And one part at the other end screws and comes off, so that you can put a pencil into it. Then, there is another screw and a small wire, which pushes the little pencil out, every time that you turn the screw. It is very curious. I do not have to sharpen my pencil with a pen-knife, as I used to do. I think it is a great deal more convenient than the old kind of pencils, which I had to sharpen with a pen-knife. The man that first thought how to make it, must have had a good deal of contrivance.

Now, Robert, tell me what *skill* is.

R. I remember, mother, you told me, yesterday. It is, after any body has contrived how to make any thing,—to get every thing ready, and put all the parts together, just as they ought to be, so as to have the thing well made, and to do all this, easily and exactly, without making any mistake. I think, there is a good deal of skill shown, in making, and putting together, all the parts of your silver pencil-case.

M. What do you understand by *design*?

R. The man who contrived and made the first pencil-case, like your's, mother, thought, *what he would make it for*,—to hold a little lead pencil, which would not need sharpening, and with which you could write a great deal more conveniently than with the old kind. This was his *design* in making it. *Design is to think beforehand what we will make a thing for.*

M. I am glad, my son, to see, that you understand, and recollect so well, what I have taught you.

Now tell me, can a very curious and useful instrument be made, to do a particular thing with, unless somebody first has a *design*; and *contrives* it; and

makes it *skillfully*; so as to have it just right for doing that particular thing?

R. Certainly not, mother.

M. Robert, if you should see such an instrument, very convenient to do a particular thing with, having a great many curious parts, all put together just right for the instrument to be used easily and well, would you not know, that it must have been *contrived* and made by some very *skillful* person, who had a particular *design* in making it?

R. I certainly should, mother.

M. Well, my son, I am going to show you such an instrument; so curiously and wonderfully made, with so much design, and contrivance, and skill, in it; so much more curious and wonderful than any thing that a man can make; that you will see in it, GOD, who designed it, showing His great wisdom, and power, and goodness to you.

This instrument alone is enough to convince us that there is a GOD.

R. Do show me this instrument, mother, I wish to see it very much.

M. Lay your arm on this table, Robert, and keep your elbow still.

Now turn your hand over. Turn it back again. Turn it over and back again, a good many times, very quickly.

Now bend your elbow, and raise your hand up, so as to touch your shoulder. Let it fall again. Raise it, and let it fall again, a good many times, very quickly.

Now make your thumb and fingers move, as many different ways as you can.

Now stretch out your whole arm as far as you can. Do not bend it at all. Swing it round and round, and make it go up and down, and to the right and to the left, as far as you can, and as fast as you can.

Your arm and hand, my son, is the instrument which I was going to show you.

Must it not be very curiously made, that you can make so many different kinds of motions with it.

R. It must, indeed, mother: do explain to me more about it.

M. I will, my son, and you will see how kind God is, in providing you with such an instrument, with which you can do so many different things.

Did you ever think, how many different things we can do with our arms and hands?

R. I never did, mother; but I now begin to think about it, and to wonder at it.

M. We can do so many things with our arms and hands, that I have not time to tell you about them all.

Only look round you, and see the people who are busy and industrious; how many thousand, thousand different things they can do with their arms and hands!

By the help of their arms and hands, people build houses to live in. They make clothes to wear. They plough, and sow, and reap, and gather in the grain, and vegetables, and fruits. They prepare food, in a great many different ways, to eat. They spin, weave, paint, carve, engrave, print, and write.

But this is not one half, no, not one thousandth part, of what people do with their arms and hands.

How helpless and miserable we should be, if we had no arms or hands; or if they were made just like the leg and foot of a dog, or a horse; or like the leg and claw of a bird.

R. All that you are telling me, mother, is very wonderful, indeed. I do not think that people feel as thankful as they ought to do, to God, for giving them their arms and hands.

M. That is true, my son, and, after I have explained to you some of the parts of the arm and hand; and how they are put together; and how you can

move them, only by *thinking to have them move*, you will see still more why you ought to be truly thankful to God, for giving you such a curious and useful instrument, with which to do so many things that are necessary for your happiness and improvement.

CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY 4, 1831.

A LITTLE BOY KILLED.

When I was in Oxford, Butler Co., Ohio, last summer, I saw a fine boy, named James Barrows, aged about 12 years, son of Mr. Charles Barrows of Oxford. He was a Sabbath School scholar, and there were few boys in the School who appeared more promising. This healthy child promised long life, and his sparkling eyes showed that his mind was active. About two years ago, when he was ten years old, he became very serious, and enquired what he should do to be saved. He was directed to repent of his sins, and believe and trust in Christ, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. He often retired by himself to pray, and could you have listened, you would have heard him beseeching God to have mercy upon him. I think God heard his prayers, and gave him a new and a better heart. He found peace in believing in Christ, and soon after united with the church in Oxford. When Mr. and Mrs. Barrows came to the Lord's table, to partake of the bread and wine, which brings to remembrance the love of Christ in dying for sinners, little James sat with them; and while he partook of the bread and wine, he thought of the sufferings of his Redeemer—how his head was pricked with thorns, and his hands and feet torn by the cruel nails—how he bowed his head and expired upon the cross, that little boys and girls, and their fathers, and mothers, and friends might not perish, but have ETERNAL LIFE. Dear little fellow, he did not think he should have so few communion seasons at the Lord's table.

As he was pious and lived close by a good college, I thought it likely that he might become a minister of the gospel, and perhaps go far away to the heathen, and tell them of Jesus and of Heaven. I thought that he might perhaps be the means of bringing thousands and tens of thousands of the heathen home to glory.

But he has gone! "As a flower of the field, he has perished," and those who have seen him, will see him no more on earth. His voice will be no more heard at his father's fire side, nor in the Sabbath School, nor among his companions. He will never again enter his little closet to pray, nor turn over the leaves of his Testament, nor sit down again to the Lord's table, nor listen to the instructions of his minister.

The hat that he used to wear still hangs in its place. His coat, his shoes, and the rest of his clothes, are still in the house of his father. His little books are still in their place, but James will no more rise in the morning to dress for the day, nor spend his evenings in reading at the fire side. His body lies low in the ground. His only house is a coffin, his raiment a winding sheet. On his short and early grave the snows of winter will fall, and the rains of summer will beat; but James will not feel them. The spring will soon come, and the green grass and the flowers will spring up on the turf which covers him; but he will not know it. His little body must moulder back to dust, but where is his spirit? Where is the mind of James? Is that dead too? Ah no! Away beyond the sun—away beyond the most distant star, is "another and better world."

"There the pilgrim reposes,
The fields are all green,
There day never closes,
Nor clouds intervene.
Oh! the sights they see there,
Such as eye hath not seen;
Oh! the songs they sing there,
With Hosannas between."

In that world, where there is no sickness, "no sorrow nor crying," I hope the soul of James has found a home, happier than his father's house could afford him. And when the sun shall grow old and dim and pass away, when the stars shall be put out, when the earth shall be burned up, James will still be there singing the praises of God. Dressed in a white robe, free from sin, and surrounded by ten thousand beings as happy as himself, he will rejoice that, he "remembered his Creator in

the days of his youth," and so became prepared for an early death.

Could I see his parents, I would say "Weep not for James. He has gone from your dwelling to a glorious mansion in Heaven. He has gone from the tenderness and care of earthly parents, to the embraces of his Saviour, and to the arms of his Heavenly Father. He has gone from the Sabbath School, where he heard about God, into the blissful presence of him "whose favor is life," and whose loving kindness is better than life.

Could I see his masters, and Sunday School friends, I would say, "Be ye also ready," for death may come to your door, and if some of you should die, we could not believe you had gone to heaven. You are as likely to die as was James, but you are not so well prepared. He received and read the first number of the *Child's Newspaper*, and thought he should read many more.

He expected to live many years, but he went out a few days ago to play in a *sawmill* at Oxford. A log rolled over his head, and he breathed no more. When you go out to play, you know not that you will live to return. Then I beseech you to pray God, as did James, for a new heart. Avoid every sin. Always try to do right. Trust yourself with your Saviour, and then whether you die young or old, your souls will go to dwell with Christ in Heaven. James's early death shows that children should become pious before they are 12 years old.

A MURDERER.

Mr. Strader, of *Henry County, Kentucky*, on the 9th of January, KILLED THREE OF HIS CHILDREN, and beat his wife so much that it is thought she will die soon. What a monster of wickedness he must be! But you will ask how he came to murder his family? I will tell you. There is a kind of *stuff* which a great many persons keep to sell, for a little money. When a man first drinks this *stuff*, he don't like it. He has no taste for it. God never meant it should be drunk, so he has given man no natural desire for it. But drinking this *stuff* makes a man feel better for a little while, and by drinking it often, he learns to love it. It is *poisonous*, and when men drink much of it, their faces bloat up, their eyes become blood-shot, and watery, and weak; their hands tremble; and worse than all, they become idle and profane, and hang round shops where this *stuff* is sold, and spend their money for it, while their families are starving at home. Thirty thousand persons are every year killed by drinking this *stuff*. It makes them crazy for a time, and in these crazy fits they often murder their wives and children. Now, Mr. Strader was in one of these crazy fits, when he did the wicked act mentioned above.

But when he drank the *stuff*, he knew it would make him crazy, and therefore by knowingly drinking himself crazy, and then committing murder, he is just as guilty as if he had murdered without making himself crazy.

And the man who sold this *stuff* to Mr. Strader, knew it was poisonous, and that it would make him crazy and liable to murder his wife and children. Therefore he helped Mr. Strader to murder his children. How wicked it must be to set up shops to sell this poisonous and dreadful *stuff*. Good men, and women, and children all over the country have agreed not to make it, or sell it, or drink it, and I hope it will soon be universally hated. In order that our young friends may know how to avoid it, we will tell them its names, which are *Brandy, Gin, Rum, and Whiskey*.

CONCERN FOR CHILDREN,

Or,—The Negro "very glad."

"On entering the sabbath school this morning, I observed an old grey headed Negro, and I went up to him and asked him who he was, and why he came there. He told me that he belonged out in the country; that he set out last night after dark, and had travelled 14 miles through the snow (which was then about nine inches deep) to get to that sabbath school. He said that it took him nearly all night to get there, though he lay down a little while before morning and got a little sleep. He said he

had children living in the city; that he had heard about a sabbath school that admitted colored children; and that he felt so desirous that his children should attend it, that he had come 14 miles to see if there was such a school, and if there was, to get his children to go to it. 'And now I have found it,' said he 'I am very glad. I want my children to go very much.' This poor old man has probably got to go back again 14 miles through the snow, to-night, and get back before light in the morning, to do his day's work to-morrow. Yet notwithstanding all this, the hope that his children might attend the sabbath school made him very glad.—(Narrative of a Sabbath School Teacher.) T. B.



A FATHER'S LECTURES.—NO. 2.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—When I talked with you, I told you how the power, wisdom, and goodness of God were shewn in all his works. You then saw, I trust, how foolish and sinful it was to find fault with any thing he has made. But there is such a proneness to this evil, owing to the pride of our hearts, that I wish to speak to you once more upon it. The subject is also very interesting and instructive.

How often do you hear it said,—and perhaps some of you also, my dear Children, have not unfrequently used this language—"What a useless creature it is! why did God make it?" or, "what an ugly, mischievous thing it is!" These complainers can see no good in much that the Lord has made, and seem to think that the world could do a great deal better without them. But all such remarks reflect upon the Creator; they charge him with a want of wisdom and goodness. Would it not be a very profitable study to examine some of these despised creatures, and show for what important purposes their Maker evidently formed them? This has been done by many learned men from Aristotle the Greek Naturalist, down to Alexander Wilson, author of the *American Ornithology* (description of Birds.)

I will now, Children, give you a few instances, in which these apparently useless, ugly, mischievous creatures, as fault-finders call them, are known to be really of great service to us.

What an ugly thing the Owl is, with his big, staring eyes and dismal hoot! And yet Buffon tells us that "A single owl is more serviceable than half a dozen of cats in ridding the barn of its domestic vermin." "In the year 1580," says another writer, "an army of mice so overran the marshes near Southminster, that they ate up the grass to the very roots. But at length a great number of owls came and devoured all the mice. The like happened in Essex about 60 years after."

How awkward the Ibis looks! What good can he do? "The Ibis," says Buffon, "is found in great numbers in Lower Egypt, in places just freed from the inundations of the Nile, where it is of signal service in destroying insects, reptiles, &c." Indeed it may well be doubted whether those coun-

tries could be inhabited by man, were it not for these destructive birds.

What is that great bird with an aspect so filthy and disgusting? It is the "gigantic Crane." Now listen to what eminent naturalists tell us of this creature:—"It is one of the most useful birds of those countries, (Africa and India,) in freeing them of snakes and noxious reptiles and insects. It seems to finish the work begun by the Jackal and Vulture: they clearing away the flesh of animals, and these birds removing the bones by swallowing them entire."

"And those multitudes of little birds which you see all over our country, and are apt to think of none,—are really of incalculable benefit. They devour millions of worms, bugs, &c. which, if not thus consumed, would seriously injure, and perhaps entirely destroy, the fruits of the earth. B. P. A.

LETTERS.

The little boy who wrote the following letter, is seven years old. He wrote the letter himself, on a sheet of paper carefully ruled.

January 25, 1834.

Messrs. Corey & Fairbank.

I have seen the first two numbers of the Child's Newspaper. I am very much pleased with it, and my father says I may be a subscriber. I send you a dollar to pay for the first year.

I am going to file my newspapers, so that at the end of the year, they can be bound in a volume. When I go back to the country, I will let all my little friends read them; and I hope they will learn a great deal from them. The pictures on them are very pretty, and I think it is very kind in Dr. Aydelotte and Mr. Brainerd to edit a paper just for little children, and I hope every little girl and boy will save money enough to become subscribers.

Your affectionate little friend,

THOMAS G. RIDGELY.

LETTER FROM A BOY EIGHT YEARS OLD.

W— H—, Thursday.

Dear Sir,—I have examined the first number of the Child's Newspaper, and am much pleased with its contents. Please forward the numbers regularly, by beginning with the first number. I have enclosed one dollar to pay for it.

Yours respectfully,

F. K. B.

Rev. Mr. Brainerd.

We offer no apology for publishing the following letter from Prof. Parks, of Bloomington College, Ia.

Bloomington, Jan. 12, 1834.

Dear Sir,—I thank you for sending me the Child's Newspaper, and I wish to become a subscriber. I am much pleased with the attempt to do good. You have my best wishes for success. I know not how I could spend a dollar to better advantage. I am sure, every parent, who loves his children and regards the best good of his country, will encourage your very laudable undertaking.—The stability of our civil institutions, the prosperity of the church, the happiness of the world, greatly depend upon the character which is given to the rising generation. If our children are intelligent,

and influenced by the fear of God, we have little to fear. My little girl says I must thank Mr. Brainerd for sending her such a good paper.

Your sincere friend,

BEAUMONT PARKS.

For the Child's Newspaper.

Mr. Brainerd,—

One little boy, whose father has given him money to pay for the Child's Newspaper, says—if he *lives*, he means to try and raise some *chickens*, and sell them, and get money to pay for your good little paper *himself*.

Yours truly,

A FRIEND OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

BITS OF NEWS.

Sleep Talker.—In Cumberland county, state of New Jersey, there is a lady about twenty years of age, who sleeps more than half the day time, even when she is at work. She eats, and drinks, and sings, and reads and writes, and cyphers in her sleep, and what is more strange still, she can read and sew in a dark room. Sometimes she awakens while going from home on business, and is obliged to return to ascertain the motives of her errand. What she does when asleep, she does not remember when awake, but recollects again when asleep, and her work is done as regularly when asleep as when awake. At times she appears to be crazy.

Fire.—Wednesday morning last, a great fire broke out in Cincinnati, on Sycamore street, between Columbia and Front. The flames were first seen bursting out of Mr. Lippincott's stable. The firemen run for their engines, and poured in a great deal of water; but before they could put out the fire, it burnt up two buildings. In Mr. Lippincott's stable were many horses, and we are sure our young friends will be sorry to hear that ten of the horses were burnt. They jumped and made a very doleful noise, but the fire was so far advanced that no one could help them. Mr. Lippincott's loss amounts probably to *twenty-five thousand dollars*.

Another Fire. A tavern was burnt in Dedham, Massachusetts, on the 7th of January. In the stable were fifty-three horses, fifty-two of which were burnt. It is supposed that some very bad men put fire to both these buildings. If they had gone to Sunday School, when young, I do not believe they would have come to this.

Two Thieves.—The Atlas states, that two Irishmen, laborers on the Worcester road, near Needham, being in want of fuel, undertook a few nights ago to steal some logs from a farmer's yard. They made the attempt during a dark night and by a slippery path. They shouldered their plunder and marched off, but one of them lost his balance, was precipitated to the earth, his head under the heaviest log, and was killed instantly; his name was Morrison; \$18 were found in his pocket, and a bank book showed that he had \$500 to his credit in the Saving's Bank.—*Bost. Paper.*

Iron Steamboats.—An enterprising gentleman in Georgia, engaged in the trade between Savannah and Augusta, on the river Savannah, has made arrangements to test the application of iron steamboats to shoal water navigation.

Distressing Occurrence.—On Saturday, while a party of boys were skating on a pond in Stuyvesant's Meadows, the ice gave way and precipitated seven or eight of them into the water, six of whom, we regret to state, were drowned. Two of the unfortunate youths were Theodore and Jacob, sons of Mr. Walter Durbin, who resides at No. 88, Rivington Street. They were found locked in each other's arms. The other lads, upon whom the coroner held an inquest, were named William Hartsell, Augustus Valentine, and a colored boy named Wm. Patterson. The sixth was the only son of Mrs. Payne, widow of the late Wm. Payne, No. 499, Broome-street. The five first named were got out of the water in about fifteen minutes, but all attempts to resuscitate them were unavailing. The body of the sixth was taken out some time afterwards.—*N. Y. Mer. Advertiser.*

AMERICAN S. S. UNION.

There is a great Society of this name fixed at Philadelphia. But it is for the whole country. It is now nine years old. Come, little boy, nine years old, and I will tell you what God has helped the good men do, who manage this Society.

They have established, or planted, 14,550 schools. Can you read figures? Fourteen thousand, five hundred and fifty schools. These schools have had 100,000 teachers. The number of scholars has been 760,000. Who can count these figures and tell me how many? Seven hundred and sixty thousand scholars. Only think, more than three times as many as there are people in the city of New-York!

How much good has been done by these schools. 20,000 (twenty thousand teachers) and 30,000 (thirty thousand scholars) have united with the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ. What an army of Christians. We wish every teacher, and every scholar, was enlisted in this army. Our blessed Savior is the great Captain of our salvation.

The Union has published 215 Library books. You have often, Sunday school scholar, taken some of these books home to read. The Union has also published other books, and some cards. They have bookstores in several places, where these books, &c. are sold. They have agents, travelling about all the time, to establish schools, hold public meetings, visit Sabbath schools, &c. The amount of money paid away every year is nearly *one hundred thousand dollars*. This money is mostly received for the books that are sold. Some of it is given to the Society.

Every May the Society holds its anniversary at Philadelphia. It was held this year on the 21st May. Several addresses were made by ministers and other gentlemen; Dr Spring, of this city, offered a prayer; and the following hymn was sung.

Ten thousand different flowers
To thee sweet offerings bear;
And cheerful birds, in shady bowers,
Sing forth thy tender care.

The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wonders still.

But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

These living hearts of ours,
Thy holy name would bless;
The blossom of ten thousand flowers
Would please the Saviour less.

While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die!
O tune them all to sing thy praise,
In better songs on high.

Lying Punished.—One day there happened a tremendous storm of lightning and thunder as Archbishop Leighton was going from Glasgow to Dunblane. He was desecrated, when at a distance, by two men of bad character. They had not courage to rob him; but wishing to fall on some method of extorting money from him, one said, "I will lie down by the way-side as if I were dead, and you shall inform the archbishop that I was killed by the lightning, and beg money of him to bury me." When the archbishop arrived at the spot, the wicked wretch told him the fabricated story. He sympathized with the survivor, gave him money, and proceeded on his journey. But when the man returned to his companion, he found him really lifeless! Immediately he began to exclaim aloud, "Oh sir, he is dead! Oh, sir, he is dead!" On this the archbishop discovering the fraud, left the man with the important reflection: "It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the judgment of God."

POETRY.



From Parley's Magazine.

THE LOST BOY.

The little boy wandered away,
Nor thought what might betide him,
For he loved to ramble and play,
With his faithful dog beside him;
The flowers were gay, the trees were green,
A pleasanter day was never seen,
The birds were singing on every spray,
As if they would flatter the boy away,
When he'd none but his dog to guide him.

They rambled, rambled on,
The boy and dog together,
In many a pleasant path they run,
Nor knew nor heeded whither—
But the sun has set, and a storm seems near,
And the poor little boy is pale with fear:
He thought the old trees grew dark and tall,
And as he run, you might hear him call,
"Oh, mother, do come hither!"

His mother is all alone,
And sadly, sadly weeping;
The father to seek his son has gone,
And how can she think of sleeping?
She watches the clock, she watches the skies,
—"O! where is my poor little boy?" she cries;
"O! where will he pillow his little head?—
And where can he find a sheltered bed,
When the storm in its wrath is sweeping?"

The morning is fresh and fair,
There's silver dew on the blossom,
The mother she sits in her easy chair,
With her little boy on her bosom—
"Oh! mother, dear mother, don't weep I pray!
For never again will I ramble away—
I'll remember to ask if I wish to go!"
And each little boy must remember it too,
Lest his mother should grieve to lose him.

THE PAGAN VOICE OF PRAYER.

A missionary was once travelling in India, in the midst of heathen idolatry; he came, weary and exhausted, to a little hut where he put up for the night. Only a thin curtain separated his apartment from another, in which others slept. In the night he was awakened by a human voice in the other room. He listened, and he heard some one praying with great earnestness to Jesus Christ. Yes, sir, in that land of idols, in the midst of pagan idolatry, in the silence and darkness of the night, that soul was lifting up strong crying unto Him who is able and willing to save; and who hath said, "Ask and it shall be given unto you, seek and ye shall find." And how, sir, had he learned Jesus? Not by a minister, or a Bible; he had none: but by a little Tract, which some one had given to his child.

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

A little boy of four years old, often went alone by himself to pray to Him who seeth and heareth, and loveth little children that come and speak to him in secret. The little boy was one day asked by his mother where he had been: he replied, "Mother, I have been speaking to the great God!"

"What did you say to him, my dear?"

"I said, 'O, Lord God Almighty! I am very ignorant, do thou teach me! I am guilty, do thou

pardon me! I am a sinner, do thou save me; for Jesus Christ's sake.'"—*Infants Mag.*

AN OLD WOMAN.

We are informed that there is a Mrs. Torrey living in Windsor, Berkshire county, who was 102 years old last August. She walks about, converses rationally, and does some light work. She has spun some yarn within a few months. When she was 100 years old, her descendants assembled at the house where she resides, and Mr. Dorrance, the minister of Windsor, delivered an appropriate discourse. She is a native of some town in the eastern part of the state, (Abington, we believe) and recollected events that took place there almost 100 years ago.—*Hampshire (Mass.) Gazette.*

LOVE OF MUSIC BY SHEEP.

We were surrounded by a large flock of sheep which were leaving their fold to go to their pasture; one of our party took his flute out of his pocket, and saying "I am going to turn Corydon, let us see whether the sheep will recognize their pastor," began to play. The sheep and goats, which were following each other towards the mountain with their heads hanging down, raised them at the first sound of the flute; and all, with a general and hasty movement, turned to the side from whence the agreeable noise proceeded. Gradually they flocked round the musician, and listened with motionless attention. He ceased playing; still the sheep did not stir. The shepherd with his staff obliged those nearest to him to move on. They obeyed; but no sooner did the fluter begin again to play than his innocent auditors returned to him. The shepherd, out of patience pelted them with clods of earth, but not one of them would move. The fluter played with additional skill; the shepherd exasperated, whistled, scolded, and pelted the fleecy amateurs with stones. Such as were hit by them began to march, but others still refused to stir. At last the shepherd was obliged to entreat our Orpheus to cease his magical sounds. The sheep then moved off; but continued to stop at a distance as often as our friend resumed his instrument.—*Bombal's Life of Haydn.*

STORY OF AN EAGLE.

A servant maid at Munich, being in a garden with a little child nine months old, set it down on the ground, when suddenly an eagle darted from the air to seize upon it as his prey. The servant, who was fortunately close by, with the greatest courage and presence of mind, threw a shawl at the bird, which covering his eyes, not only prevented him from seizing the infant, but even from escaping. She boldly caught hold of the robber, and in spite of his struggles, held him fast till some person came to her assistance. His majesty amply rewarded the heroine, who received some wounds in the contest, and sent the prisoner to the menagerie at Nymphenburg.

THE BOY THAT BECAME A TRAITOR.

There are few things more disgraceful in children than to be cruel to those harmless creatures, which are unable to defend themselves. If I see a child pull off the wings of an insect, or throw stones at a toad, or take pains to set his foot upon a worm, —I am sure there is something wrong about him, or that he has not been well instructed. There was once a boy who loved to give pain to every thing that came in his way, over which he could get any power. He would take the eggs from the mourning Robin, —and torture the unfledged Sparrow. —Cats and Dogs, the peaceable Cow, and the faithful Horse, he delighted to worry and distress. I do not like to tell you of the many cruel things that he

did. He was told that such deeds were wrong. An excellent lady with whom he lived used to warn and reprove him for his evil conduct. But he did not reform. When he grew up he became a soldier. He was never sorry to see men wounded, and blood running upon the earth. He became so wicked as to lay a plan to betray his country, and sell it into the hands of the enemy. This is to be a traitor. But he was discovered, and fled. He never dared to return to his native land, but lived despised, and died miserably in a foreign clime. Such was the end of the cruel boy, who loved to give pain to animals. His name was Benedict Arnold. He was born at Norwich, in Connecticut, and the beautiful city of his birth is ashamed of his memory.

L. H. S.

A PANTHER CAUGHT.

A panther of good size has been recently caught in Hanover, in this state. It is supposed he is not a native of the country, as an animal of this sort then quite young, a few months since escaped from a Caravan traveling in the vicinity. Since his residence among the good people of Hanover, he has been frequently seen, and hunted, but with no success until last week; he was then taken alive in the following manner:—A farmer having missed one of his geese, and supposing it was by the hand of this gentleman, took the precaution to shut up the flock in his barn, and on the following morning missed several of them, and whilst in the act of lamenting his loss, saw the rogue looking down upon him from the hay mow. A "clove hitch" was soon constructed, and let down from the roof, and the animal safely secured. From examination it was discovered that a mat had been excavated under the mow where the panther probably proposed taking up his winter quarters.—*Taunton Gazette.*

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

An interesting little girl six years old, who lived in Virginia, was burnt so badly, that she died. The circumstances of the accident were said to be these. A servant was engaged in washing at a spring near the dwelling house, and several children accompanied her. The woman left the children at the spring for a short time, and while she was absent, the unfortunate little girl went near the fire, for the purpose of drying her apron, when her under garments caught, and she was soon enveloped in a sheet of flame. The little sufferer bore her agonies with great fortitude, until death came to her relief. Children cannot be too often reminded of the care, which should be taken, in approaching near the fire.

CHILDREN SOLD.

A Scarcity of rice in Chaouchowfoe on the east of Canton, has increased the demand, and raised the price of provision, in this city. In consequence of this, the Governor and Foo-yuen have sent out a proclamation forbidding rich merchants to hoard up rice, beyond a certain quantity, thereby increasing its price and distressing the poor. Still, though the price has risen but very little, many of the poor suffer much. Instances are numerous where parents have been seen going through the streets leading their children by the hand, and offering them for sale. They are urged to this painful necessity from want of provisions for themselves, as well as for their children. In cases of this kind, the purchaser is required to give a written promise that he will provide for the child, treat it well, &c. We knew an instance only a few days ago, where a little girl, six years of age, was sold for twenty-five dollars.